

SMALL PROPERTY OWNERS FACE BULK OF THE BURDEN IMPOSED BY THE HIGH CITY ASSESSMENT

Only Small Percentage is Likely to Enjoy Lower Taxes.

COUNCIL'S PLEDGE IN DANGER

Promise of Lower Tax Rate for Approval of Bond Issue Cannot be Carried Out Unless Valuations are Corrected. Water Works Purchase Cause

The new city assessment, which will be in effect on January 1, 1915, will be a heavy burden on the small property owners. The city council has pledged to lower the tax rate for the approval of the bond issue, but this promise cannot be carried out unless the valuations are corrected. The water works purchase is the cause of the high city assessment.

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VETERAN CONDUCTOR IS FOUND DEAD; HAD BEEN IN ILL HEALTH

Jacob L. Dull, Well Known Here, Succumbs at Son's Home.

PRINCIPAL R. E. GIPE IS DEAD

Teacher at Union School, Had Been in Ill Health for Weeks. Was Well Known in Connellstown.

Jacob L. Dull, a well known veteran conductor, was found dead at his son's home. He had been in ill health for several weeks. Principal R. E. Gipe, a well known teacher at Union School, was found dead. He had been in ill health for several weeks.

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EXPECT TO RAISE \$300 FOR CHRISTMAS CHARITY THIS WEEK

Instead of Monthly Tree. Quick Work to Relieve Sufferings of Needy Will Be Undertaken.

THREE ADDED TO NUMBER THAT PASSED OVER THE BORDER.

Services in Soisson Sunday.

The committee for the Christmas charity is expected to raise \$300 this week. Instead of the monthly tree, quick work will be undertaken to relieve the sufferings of the needy. Three more people have passed over the border.

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ELKS WILL HONOR MEMORY OF THEIR DEPARTED BROTHERS

Three Added to Number That Passed Over the Border.

SERVICES IN SOISSON SUNDAY

Special Memorial Ceremonies to be Held by Singing by Mrs. M. J. Dull and Devotion by Rev. J. H. Dull.

The Elks will honor the memory of their departed brothers. Three more people have passed over the border. Services will be held in Soisson on Sunday.

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GERMAN GENERAL SAVES HIS ARMY AFTER BEING CIRCLED BY FIERCE RUSSIAN FOE

MacKensen Does What Bazaine Failed to Do at Metz in 1870.

CRISIS IN THE EASTERN WAR

Decisive Victory for Either Side Will Have Telling Effect Upon the General Campaign. Typhoid Epidemic in the Bulgarian Army Causes Alarm.

German General MacKensen has saved his army after being circled by the fierce Russian foe. This is a decisive victory for either side, which will have a telling effect upon the general campaign. A typhoid epidemic in the Bulgarian army is causing alarm.

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DUNBAR IS INTERESTED

Newly 200 Come Here to Attend Trial of Yanks by Military.

WILL CHOSE NEW TEACHER

Silver Takes N. Y. Man Likely to Come Here.

Dunbar is interested in the trial of the Yanks by the military. A new teacher will be chosen. Silver has taken a New York man likely to come here.

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THE WEATHER FORECAST

Cloudy tonight and Thursday. Precipitation probable Friday. Windy Saturday.

THE TEMPERATURE

Maximum 71. Minimum 31. Windy Saturday.

The weather forecast is cloudy tonight and Thursday, with precipitation probable Friday. The temperature is expected to be in the 70s and 30s.

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SCOTSDALE

SCOTSDALE, Pa., Dec. 2.—The first of the season's snow fell here this morning, but melted away before noon. The temperature was in the 30's this morning, but fell to the 20's by noon. The wind was from the north, and the sky was overcast. The snow was in patches on the ground, but melted away before noon. The temperature was in the 30's this morning, but fell to the 20's by noon. The wind was from the north, and the sky was overcast.

Map Showing Black Sea and Aegean Sea; New Naval Battles Expected



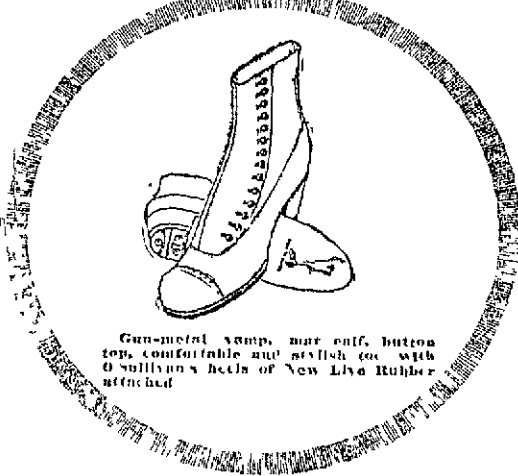
EDITH THAYER, COMING TO SOISSON, LOUDLY PRAISED

Edith Thayer, the famous American author, is coming to Soisson, France, to spend the winter. She has been highly praised for her recent work, and her visit is expected to be a great success. She will be staying at the Hotel de Ville, and will be giving lectures on her work. Her visit is a great honor for Soisson, and the people are looking forward to it with great interest.

LITTLE GIRL HAD CHRONIC COUGH

Left from Whooping Cough—Was Terribly Rundown and Weak—Mother Tells How She Was Cured by Vinol.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"My little girl aged thirteen years had the whooping cough which settled into a chronic cough, with a run-down system and lung trouble. She had to stay at home from school, and her mother was very anxious to get her cured. After giving her four bottles of Vinol, her cough was cured, and she was able to go back to school. Vinol is a wonderful medicine for whooping cough, and it is highly recommended by all doctors."—Mrs. M. W. Vinol.



SHOES WITH A FEATURE

And such a feature—O'Sullivanized—that is made ready to wear with O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber.

Your size is in stock now in the style you want whether it be patent or call, cloth or mat top, black or tan. O'Sullivanized Shoes are our specialty we never take a chance on being caught without them.

There never has been a shoe cut put on the market at anywhere near the same price, that gives the wear style and comfort you get in a Brownell O'Sullivanized Shoe at \$2.95, \$3.15 and \$3.95.

Our windows are featuring O'Sullivanized Shoes.

BROWNELL SHOE CO.

"Better Shoes For Less Money"

145 West Main St., Conneltsville.



FOREST NOTES

A great deal of the oak used on the Pacific Coast comes from the western part of Asia.

It is due to a fresh turning, the other side of the mountain, and now a new...

The 8th ward on the 1st of...

A mountain lion recently killed in the Grand Canyon...

In Northern Idaho and Montana...

Trespass Notices for sale at the County Job Department.

Hunting Bargains! It is so with our advertising columns.

MEN, YOUR DOCTOR

Should be an expert in all matters relating to the health of men. A. J. McChesney, M.D., is a specialist in all diseases of men, and is highly respected by his patients. He has a large number of patients, and is always ready to give advice and treatment. His office is located at 145 West Main St., Conneltsville.

Mrs. McChesney's Experience With Group

"When my husband, J. J. McChesney, was afflicted with a group of diseases, I was very anxious to get him cured. After giving him four bottles of Vinol, his group was cured, and he was able to go back to work. Vinol is a wonderful medicine for group, and it is highly recommended by all doctors."—Mrs. J. J. McChesney.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician

Dr. F. M. Edwards, a well-known Ohio physician, has written a book on how to get a clear complexion. He says that most women can have a clear complexion by following his advice. He recommends the use of Vinol, which is a wonderful medicine for clearing the complexion. His book is available at all drug stores.



CONNELLSVILLE'S BIGGEST

Christmas Store

IS READY FOR YOU NOW

Beautiful and useful Gifts from all parts of the World are assembled here under one roof for your choosing.

The store is full of all kinds of Christmas gifts—never before have we displayed such wonderful gift readiness, in the cheery gift-shopping period, as now.

The immensity of present selections, their freshness and charm, and the inspiring holiday atmosphere that pervades the store, all combine to make gift-choosing now a genuine pleasure. Remember, please, that there are thousands of giveable things now in stock that cannot be replaced before Christmas once they are picked up by early shoppers.

If you enjoy shopping in complete comfort, if you like to look over stocks leisurely, if you would have us give you our undivided attention, if you find pleasure in selecting gifts from fine, fresh, full stocks, if you would be good to yourself and those who serve you, if you wish to avoid the worry, flurry and hurry of last minute shopping, then SHOP EARLY—BEGIN TOMORROW.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early Applies Especially to



Every store was not so fortunate in its delivery of toys this season as this store, and the saving grace will be that this store will be closed up to supply many new customers. For this reason our selection of toys and all those who want to make their selections from full stocks are urged to do so now.

In making your selection at this time you may have your toys held for delivery at any time you wish up till Christmas eve.

KOBACKER'S THE BIG STORE ON HILLSBOROUGH ST.

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY COURIER.

BUY AN AUTOMOBILE AT YOUR OWN PRICE

We have decided we cannot successfully sell low-priced cars in connection with our higher priced lines, so for this reason, we are going to discontinue handling

THE CAR-NATION, Listed at \$565 to \$585 THE METZ, Listed at \$475 to \$600

In order to dispose of either of the above cars quickly, we are going to allow you to name your own price, enclose it in a sealed envelope and mail or bring to us and all bids will be opened at 3:00 P. M. Saturday, December 5th, 1914, and the

CAR WILL BE SOLD TO HIGHEST BIDDER

The cars are on exhibition in our war room ready for your inspection. If your finances will not permit a cash outlay at present, you may make your bid for half cash with approved security for the balance. If the highest bid received is at all reasonable, we will permit any of the other bidders to purchase a car of the same type at the same price.

NAME YOUR PRICE--CARS MUST GO

Don't miss this opportunity to get a fine new car at your own price, you may never again get another chance like this. If you can't call, write or phone for catalogue and information. These cars have given splendid service to our customers and we are sure they will please you.

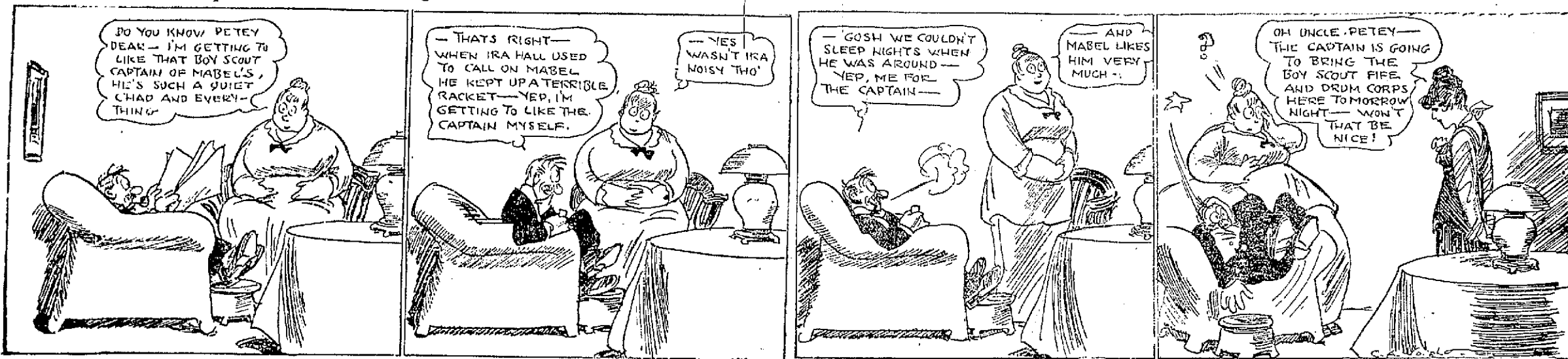
MARK "BID" ON OUTSIDE OF ENVELOPE AND BE SURE TO NAME CAR ON WHICH YOU BID

STANDARD AUTO GARAGE

Both Phones UNIONTOWN, PA. Corner Arch and Peter Streets

By C. A. Voight.

PETEY DINK—The Captain Seems to Be Winning Favor.



FAMOUS FINALE OF ACT I SEEN IN "THE FIREFLY" AT THE SOISSON THEATRE FRIDAY NIGHT.

THE SOISSON.

"LUNA RIVERS" TODAY.

"Luna Rivers" is a new offering play in two acts, will be presented at the Soisson Theatre today. It is one of the most famous dramas extant, "The Silent Pearl" is a two act drama with Marie Walscamp and William Clifford in the leading roles. The story is a tragedy, "The Silent Pearl" and the American Weekly complete a great performance. Friday, the great musical comedy, "The Firefly" will be presented with Edith Thayer in the star part. Saturday the famous comedy, "The Firefly" will appear in the five part drama, "The Greyhound."

EDITH THAYER IN THE FIREFLY

Edith Thayer, one of the voice beautiful and her stage presence still typified by a wonderful and tireless energy, will make her appearance at the Soisson Theatre, Friday, December 4, in "The Firefly," musical comedy opera, by Otto Hauerbach and Rudolf Friml, and under the personal direction of Arthur Hammerstein.

Miss Thayer is a new bit of humanity but possesses a voice that is strong and clear and which she uses most artistically. Listening to this day actress one wonders where the volume of sound comes from. She is a creature, she makes a pretty boy when disguised in a jaunty English costume or as a poor Italian lad.

Mr. Hammerstein has surrounded his little star with an admirable supporting cast. Maxfield More will be seen as the marquis but quietly funny secretary, "Jenkins." Burton Leubman as the youthful and pleasant, "Jack Traverser." Edward Jack, in the black and white character of "Francis." William G. Reed as Jack's sympathetic uncle, "John Thompson." Jack Fine as Nina's boy friend, "The Duke." Edith Allen as Jack's sweet heart, "Dorothy," and who, with Mr. Reed, sing the best song bit of the opera entitled "Stomping." Madeline Nash as "Dorothy." Alfred Gordon as "Mrs. Vandoren" and Marguerite Strassels as the charming little maid "Gonzetta."

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS."

"The Shepherd of the Hills" is a part of God's handiwork. From this play you may, in some measure, find their influence. My play is the story of a man who took the trail that leads to the lower grounds and a woman, and how she found her way to the higher world.

There are Harold Bell Wright's preliminary remarks regarding his dramatization of his celebrated novel, "The Shepherd of the Hills," which comes to the Soisson Theatre Tuesday, December 2.

He has written a story of rough times in the Ozarks, days before the coming of the railroad, the period of poverty, house-holdings, rough and ready settlement of disputes with the law, interior farming, highway robbery and so on. It is a "good blood" story, yet one that has a deep message. It is filled with unique characters and incidents. The fact that the novel, from which the play was made, has held the record for five years as the leading "best seller," is ample proof that it is what the public wants.

THE COLONIAL.

THE TROUBADOURS.

Charles Francis Gounod, contrary to general belief, is not German. He was born in Paris June 17, 1818. Originally educated for the priesthood he turned his thoughts to music after experiencing several failures in Paris, he went to England in 1842 and

produced the opera "Faust," which immediately placed him in the front rank of living composers. This opera to the present day has been the most successful of his compositions, the "Tales of Hoffmann" from such being known throughout the civilized world. This number is being sung by a picked male chorus of "The Troubadours" at their production December 8, at the Colonial Theatre.

DANCEROUS GASES.

Little Talk on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., L. L. D., Counsellor of Health.

When the first cold snap comes down on the windows in homes and offices and whatever fresh air is admitted finds its way in when somebody opens the door to enter or depart. If the heating arrangements are deemed insufficient they are often supplemented with oil heaters or gas stoves. In the vast majority of cases these have no blue connections and as they burn they exhaust the oxygen in the air with great rapidity. When the atmosphere in a room is deoxygenated in this manner it becomes dangerous and leads to headache as the supporting qualities are exhausted.

When gas stoves are used without ventilation there is danger from carbon monoxide gas. This is an odorless gas which also escapes from fire, one per cent of which will kill a horse in two minutes. It is visible as the blue flame which burns over anthracite coal after it is put on the fire. This gas will often permeate the entire house from the furnace in the cellar or from the kitchen range, the sulphurous gas which escapes with it is irritating to the olfactory organ and so usually gives warning. To guard against the escape of gases, fire doors and stove lids should not be opened or removed beyond the point where the flame of a match held close outside will be drawn inward. As long as the draft is up the chimney the gas will be carried with it.

Unfortunately the majority of heating systems are planned without providing for ventilation. Direct air and hot water plants which have this pernicious fault of making no provision for the admission of fresh air are responsible for much ill health. More people die from the improper use of steam heat than from frost or death.

OHIOVILLE.

OHIOVILLE, Dec. 2.—Mrs. M. H. Foster was shopping at Connelleville yesterday.

Walter McCartney returned to his home in McKeesport yesterday.

Mrs. Ira Shaw and daughter, Miss Ruth, were shopping and visiting relatives in Connelleville yesterday.

Mrs. Bertha Atwood of Hyndman, is visiting relatives here.

Richard McElroy is visiting his parents at this place.

Thomas Giffelty of Stewart, was a business caller here yesterday.

James Smith of White Center, was a business caller here yesterday.

YOUNG MEN WANTED CHAUFFEURS

The automobile business is flourishing. More automobiles are being made now than ever before. THOUSANDS OF TRAINED CHAUFFEURS ARE WANTED NOW. Get ready for a good position paying \$20 to \$30 a week. The work is pleasant and healthful, and we will assist you to secure a position in Pa. Now is the time to start. We teach you at home with real models and diagrams. NO DAY TRIP. Write for FREE BOOK, with names and addresses of graduates and salaries they are drawing. Don't miss this Write today.

PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL. 18—V—Haver St., New York City.

Points for Mothers

New Thought Playrooms.

An interesting room in one New York home is known as the "do, do room." It is a completely equipped playroom for the children, where the word don't is never heard.

The idea of this juvenile paradise originated with the father of the family, whose childhood was marred by continually hearing "Don't do this" or "Don't break that."

The room itself is a large, sunny place, ventilated by plenty of windows, which are safely latched. One end of the hardwood floor is uncovered, while the other has a thick woolen rug. Fastened so securely that acrobatic feats, ball games or any amount of running and jumping cannot loosen it.

The walls, which are decorated, so that noises cannot penetrate to other parts of the house, are covered with a blue paper, from which finger prints may easily be washed. The pictures and electric lights are cased, this precaution also making possible a mild game of baseball or any amount of handball or bean bag tossing.

The chairs and the tables are made of such rounded corners. The fear of breaking duty brick-bats does not bother the inmates of this "do, do room," where there are only a few brass bowls to add odds and ends.

There are no frail bookcases with glass doors and silk curtains, but built in affairs to hold the favorite magazines and books.

On the spacious broad couch is a substantial blue coverlet that will permit any amount of lounging.

Winning a Boy's Confidence.

Mothers must remember in choosing a boy's associates that very often the boy with the best manners is not the one with the finest character. Often children from the finest families are deceitful and to be avoided just as much as the rougher boys. Good manners are an excellent thing for a boy to have, but an upright, fine character is a far more important possession.

If the mother teaches her boy to make her his confidant all will be well. She should never be too busy to listen to his recital of the day's events.

An hour for confidences each evening will save her an end of worry and anxiety, for if the boy has formed the habit of telling her everything he will constantly need her sympathy and her love, and he will conceal nothing from her. In this way the mother can judge for herself as to his companions and his customs.

This formation period in the boy's character is the time when he has greater need of his mother's watchful care and surveillance than any other time, and the mother will be spared much sorrow and anxiety during his adolescence if she will watch over him and his friends in his early youth.

School Children's Lunches.

The greater part of a school child's day is spent inside the schoolrooms, and the little pupil must be watched to see that he receives the proper amount of nutrition and outdoor exercise.

The average mother has no idea

what her little son or daughter eats at the noon hour, and in many cases she would receive a shock if she knew what stuff they were putting into their stomachs when out of her sight.

Sometimes the mother gives the school child a certain sum with which to buy his lunch at school and asks no questions as to what is bought. This system is very wrong. The noon meal should be all right as the first meal of the day for children. It is a bad idea to load the little stomachs heavily at night before retiring. The dinner should be eaten at noon.

Some schools have lunch counters, to be sure, at which hot soup, cocoa, sandwiches, etc., can be obtained, but very few children spend their money on these beneficial foods. They usually invest it in cakes, cookies and chocolate.

Children's Hobbies.

Parents nowadays are fully alive to the advantages of hobbies for their children. The little hobby hunter need never be dull.

Best of all hobbies for children is the cure of pets. Sometimes children all the world over are alike in this respect. However fond they may be of games and toys, there is nothing that gives them so much real delight as something alive to tend, something dependent upon them for care.

Royal children are no exception to this rule. Most of the little princes and princesses of Europe have some animal pets, and most of them go in for some other kind of hobby, such as photography, stamp collecting and other pleasant and instructive pastimes.

The Pain of Burns.

The pain of burns can be allayed by soaking the injured part in a strong solution of washing soda. This is a very simple first aid treatment, which is always available in the home where there are children, and it should be used as soon as possible. When the injured part is well soaked the burn should be covered with a thick layer of gauze wet with borie acid, which not only prevents the air acting upon the burn and making it more painful, but assists the healing of the wounded flesh.

Duty First.

The carelessness of danger which characterizes certain soldiers does not always extend to the persons about them. The French marshal Bugeaud was once dining very near a battlefield a letter to his secretary.

As the general spoke the words of his letter a bomb from the enemy's camp fell just in front of the door of the tent. The general went on talking, but the secretary seized his paper and half rose from his seat.

"Why are you stopping?" asked the marshal.

"The bomb!" gasped the secretary.

"Have I said anything about a bomb?"

"No—but the bomb—the bomb!"

"Now, what?" said the marshal impatiently, "has the bomb got to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on with your writing."

He resumed his dictation.

He Loved to Beg.

A mendicant who was recently sentenced to five days in the workhouse in New York City for street begging was, it was discovered, the owner of the large and well furnished apartment house in which he lived. It was apparently the pure joy of feigning that led him to choose a life of mendicancy.



Bathrobes Need Not Be Costly to Have Charm.

Attractive kimono for winter wear that have the merit of inexpensiveness, yet are pretty enough to suit a fastidious taste is what most women desire. The Japanese kimono above is of chrysanthemum printed cotton crepe, blue printings on a white ground. The sleeves have a graceful, pointed line at the lower edge and the narrow sash is a neat arrangement.

Quaint Tribute.

The cultivated people have no corner on fine sentiment or its expression. The other day I sat on a log with a big, rough, Blenheim backwoodsman. He told me about his wife—that a good woman she is and how much her life has meant to him. Finally it was up to me to say something, so I observed:

"She does look like a good woman."

"Yes, sir, Mr. West, a prettier hearted woman never occurred."—Woman's Home Companion.

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VOTES FOR LITTLE WOMEN

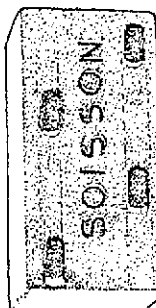
WEAR Horner's Clothing

J. B. KURTZ, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE. No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connelleville, Pa.

Patronize Those Who Advertise

Soisson Paving Block

A Synonym for Excellence.



Abrasion Loss per cent..... 19.26
Absorption Gain per cent..... 2.25
Crushing Strength per sq. in. 12,975 lbs
Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, Oct. 14, 1914. John M. Bailey, Secretary.

Shipments during month of October, 9 in. count, 2,088,963.

75% of our ten plants running full on Paving Block and High Grade Building Brick.

Joseph Soisson Fire Brick Co. CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% account.

If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.

If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank of Connelleville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.

4% interest paid on Certificate and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

MONEY FOR XMAS

If you need money to do your Xmas shopping we can accommodate you. Loans made from \$10 to \$100 on Furniture, Pianos, icrolas, Steel Stock or anything of value. Can repay on easy installments to suit your income.

FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY, Room 207, Title & Trust Building, Connelleville, Pa.

You Will Recognize

the advantages accruing from having an account with the Title & Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania which has the facilities and service to meet every banking need. Accounts subject to check are invited.



Bathrobes Need Not Be Costly to Have Charm.

Attractive kimono for winter wear that have the merit of inexpensiveness, yet are pretty enough to suit a fastidious taste is what most women desire. The Japanese kimono above is of chrysanthemum printed cotton crepe, blue printings on a white ground. The sleeves have a graceful, pointed line at the lower edge and the narrow sash is a neat arrangement.

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A mendicant who was recently sentenced to five days in the workhouse in New York City for street begging was, it was discovered, the owner of the large and well furnished apartment house in which he lived. It was apparently the pure joy of feigning that led him to choose a life of mendicancy.

VOTES FOR LITTLE WOMEN

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Alan pressed the trigger and the shot sounded clear in the morning stillness. Judith saw a look of surprised amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Shide.

Then he threw his hands out, clawed blindly at the air, staggered, reeled against the horse's flank so heavily that it shied in fright, and abruptly shot from sight over the edge of the bluff.

CHAPTER XL.

The Man in the Shadow.

Two hundred feet, if not, Hopi Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddenly the thing that had been Hopi Jim Shide was checked in its headlong descent by the outstanding fringe of a tree, over which it remained, doubled up, limp, horrible.

The miniature landslide that had been caused by his fall went on, settling gradually as the slope became less sheer. Only part of it, a double handful of pebbles, gained the bottom of the canyon.

Its muffled impact on the ground round his feet roused the man who had commenced the hand's death from the pose he had unconsciously assumed on the instant of firing.

He stepped back, and snatched up a case containing binoculars.

Not before the glasses were adjusted to his vision did he find time to respond obediently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two companions, a man of his own age and a girl of some years less, who had been awakened from their sleep by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked his sleeve, momentarily deflecting the glasses from the object which they were following so sedulously as it moved along the heights, a wildly running horse with a woman bound helplessly upon its back, both charging in silhouette against the burning blue.

"Ah, yes," the girl demanded, "what is it?" "Why did you fire? Why won't you answer me? What is it?"

"Judith," Alan replied tersely, again picking up with the glasses the runaway horse that sped so madly along the perilous and narrow track of the hill trail.

The name was echoed from two lips. Alan swung sharply and the two glasses into the hands of the girl.

"Judith," he affirmed with a look of urgent solicitude, "She's riding to the back of that crazy broncho—help! See for yourself, one false step—suppose a stone turns beneath its hoof—she'll be killed!"

While the girl focused her glasses upon that speck that flew against the sky Alan turned to the two horses huddled near by and seizing a saddle threw it over the back of one.

At this the other man turned to his side and dropping a detaining hand upon his arm asked:

"What are you going to do?"

Alan shook the hand off and went on with his self-appointed task. "Go after her, Tom, of course," he replied. "What else? That animal is crazy. I tell you!"

"Even so," Tom Barcus argued, "you can't climb that hillside on horseback—and if you could, you'd be too late to catch up, much less prevent an accident."

"I know it. But suppose it doesn't fall? You know what's beyond these hills—deserts! And the girl is helpless. I tell you, bound hand and foot. Think of her being carried that way—all day, perhaps, once up to this hellish spot! She'll go mad if she stays here!"

"You've gone mad yourself already," Mr. Barcus contended angrily. "What's it in you if she does? Suppose you do succeed in rescuing her; what then? As soon as she gets on her pines shall I try to stick a knife into you—like an idiot? What's she chasing you for, all over this land of the brave and home of the free, but to take your fool life? And now you want to sacrifice

crushed by that rock? Judith! Why was she separated from Marrophat and the others—alone up there when that beast crashed up behind her—O, I saw him—I saw it all—and grabbed her and roped her to that broncho—if it wasn't because she had broken with them for good and all and started to fight on our side?"

"You're raving," Barcus commented in a hopeless tone. He looked to the girl. "Rose—Miss Trine—reason with this madman!"

Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and confidently to her lover's side, lifting her lips to his.

"Go, sweetheart!" she told him. "Save her if you can!"

With a look of triumph for the benefit of Mr. Barcus, Alan Law gathered Rose Trine into his arms.

"Did you dream for an instant that you would see her own sister carried to her death if anything could be done to avert it—no matter what we may have suffered at Judith's hands?"

With an indignant grunt, but considering none the less, Mr. Barcus caught up the glasses and turned his back.

"Go on!" he grumbled, pretending to ignore the hand Alan offered him from the saddle. "I've got no patience with you. . . . But go!" he insisted, of a sudden seizing the hand and pressing it fervently. "And God go with you, my friend!"

Then hoofbeats drumming on the hard-packed earth of the canyon trail struck a hundred echoes from its rugged, rocky walls.

Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a face almost ludicrous with its unguessed smile that was intended to seem reassuring.

"Let's look sharp and follow him as quick as may be," he urged. "Lightning will never strike us so long as we stick to Mr. Law of the charmed life—but I don't mind telling you, once out of his company, I'm just naturally afraid of the dark!"

CHAPTER XLII.

The Trail of Flying Hoofbeats.

In the still air of that young day the chill of night lingered stubbornly—and would until the shadow of the eastern rampart had crept slowly down the canyon's western wall, telegraphing upon itself and vanishing, letting in the sun to make the place a pit of torment and of burning.

Refreshed from rest and exhilarated by this grateful coolness, his horse responded willingly to the first light touch of Alan's spur. In a twinkling the overnight tramp dropped from view behind the rounded shoulder of a hillside, mosquito-clouded.

Then from its first spirited flight the horse settled down to steady gallop, lengthened his stride, and ran for leagues with the long, apparently effortless and tireless legs of the plains-bred broncho, ventura-terra.

Alan's departure from camp had anticipated by a round quarter-hour the appearance on the upper trail of friends of the slain bandit, to the number of four or five, who had both discovered and recovered his body, called his death murder and plotted the means to his avengement—laying responsibility for the putative crime at the door of the man and woman to be seen in the canyon, immediately below the scene of Hopi Jim's fall.

Between the moment when discovery of the men on the ridge trail interrupted their simple and hurried breakfast and that which found Rose and Barcus mounted on the back of their own horse and making the best of their way down the canyon in pursuit of Alan, but little time had elapsed.

And even with its double burden, their horse made better time upon the broad lower level than those who followed the ridge trail. By mid-morning, when they approached the foothills that ran down to the desert, the pursuit was more than a mile in the rear and shut off to boot by a monolithic hill, while Alan was many a weary mile in advance.

To set upon his horse, just then, at a standstill upon the summit of a rounded knoll, the Painted Hills lifting up behind him, the desert before unfolding like a map—but like a map all blurred.

Only in the near foreground was anything definite to be distinguished in the aspect of that sunbitten waste—bleached earth patterned in almost orderly arrangement by sagebrush and gnarled cacti. At the distance of half a mile all blended into one vast plain of glazing gray that stretched over the round of the world to a broken wall of purple hills that reeled drunkenly in the haze-veiled southwest.

Was Judith out there, somewhere, lost, defenseless, forlorn, impotent to lift a hand to shield her face from the blast of that savage sun?

Starting, beneath a shading hand, he discerned nothing that moved upon the surface of the desert but its myriad head-diehlly lizard monotonously their infernal dance macabre.

Or—no seemed more probable—was she back there among the Painted Hills, lying still and lifeless, crushed beneath the weight of that fallen horse?

No rest for Alan till he knew.

Descending the knoll he reined his lagging mount back into the trail, following its winding course through the

foothills and round the base of that monolithic mountain toward the junction with the ridge trail, miles away.

It approached the hour of noon before he gained the point where the two trails joined and struck out across the desert. And here he discovered what he thought indisputable indication that the flight of Judith's horse had persisted.

Abandoning immediately all notion of returning through the hills by the ridge-trail, he turned and swung away at the best pace he could spur from his broncho, delivering himself into the wildest embraces of that implacable wilderness of sun and sand.

At long intervals he would check the broncho and, reeling in his saddle, endeavor to sweep the desert with his binoculars.

And toward the middle of the afternoon he fancied that something rewarded one such effort; something for an instant swam allward the field of the glasses: something that seemed to move like a weary horse with a human figure bound to its back.

But now the phenomena were discernible which, had he been more devout, would have made him pause and think before he ventured farther from those hills already beyond reach of his word.

His first appreciated warning came when the surface of the desert seemed to lift and shake like the top of a canvas tent in a gale. At the same time a nighty gust of wind swept athwart the waste, hot as a furnace-blast. In a trice dust enveloped man and horse, a stifling cloud of superheated particles that stung the flesh like a myriad needles. And then darkness fell, the twilight of halos, a copper-colored pall. Nothing remained visible beyond arm's length.

Blinded, half suffocated, unspeakably disoriented and bewildered, the broncho swung round, back to the blast, and refused to budge another inch.

Himself more than half-mad, but still homed by his nightmare vision of Judith, Alan dismounted to escape being torn bodily from the saddle by that hellish sand-blast, and seizing the bridle sought to draw the horse on with him.

He warded his strength in that endeavor: the animal balked, planted its hoofs deep in the sand, stiffened its legs and reeled with the stubborn burriness of a rock; then, of a sudden, jerked his head smartly, snapped the bridle from his grasp and lunged away, sending before the storm.

Pursuit was out of the question: indeed, the bridle was barely torn from his hand before Alan lost sight of the broncho.

For a moment he stood rooted in consternation as in a bog—with an arm upthrown across his face.

Then the thought of Judith occurred.

Head bowed and shoulders rounded, he began to force a way into the teeth of the sandstorm.

How long he fought on, pitting his strength against the elements, cannot be reckoned.

In the end he stumbled blindly down a slight decline and was abruptly conscious that he had in some way found shelter from the full force of the wind.

He staggered on another yard or two, breathing more freely, and blundered into a rough-ribbed wall of rock—some sporadic outcrop, he understood, whose bulk stood between him and the storm.

He thought to rest for a time, until the storm had spent its greatest strength; but as he laid his shoulder gratefully against the rock and scrubbed the dust from his smarting eyes he saw what he at first conceived to be a hallucination: Judith Trine standing within a yard of him, alive, strong, free.

He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him, open her mouth to utter a wondering cry that was inaudible, and come quickly nearer.

"Alan! You came for me! You followed me through all this!"

He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh—that was like the creaking of a raven as it issued from his bone-dry throat—and in momentary possession of hysterical madness, reeled away from the woman and the shelter of the rock and delivered himself anew to the mercy of the dust-storm.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Open Mutiny.

Though she had been schooled to hold the very name of Law in loathing unspoken and to think of Alan as mortal enemy and as one whose death alone could properly vindicate the cruel injury that had been done her father; and though the man himself had laughed to scorn her first involuntary confession of that love for him which now consumed her being with its insatiable fires, she swallowed her chagrin and followed him with the solicitude of one whose love can recognize no wrong in its object. Through all the remainder of that day of terror she was never far from his side.

With the weakness of the strong, she made herself his shadow. And she was now the stronger, for she had had more than an hour's rest beside the waterhole, which he had missed on the way of that rocky windbreak. Sooner or later his strength must fail him and he would need her; till then she was content to bide her hour.

It befell presently in startling fashion; she was not a yard behind him when he vanished abruptly.

But the next moment Judith herself was trembling on the crumbling brink of an arroyo of depth and width indeterminate in the obscurity of the dusk. Down this, evidently, Alan had fallen in his dizzy blindness.

She found him insensible, lying with an arm bent under him in a pose frightfully suggestive of dislocation.

Yet when she turned him on his back and released the arm, he made no sign to indicate that the movement

had caused him the slightest pain.

There was a night out upon his brow, a hush about his left temple. She tore linen from her bosom, beneath her coarse flannel shirt, and with sparing aid from the canteen, washed the cut clean and bandaged it.

Then seeing that the storm held with fury unabated, she rose, reconstituted and returned to exert all her strength and drag the unconscious man across the dry bed of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its farther bank.

There, sitting, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and bending over him made her body an additional shelter to him from the swirling clouds of dust.

And for hours on end Judith nursed him there, scarce daring to move save to minister to his needs, bathing his fevered brow and moistening his parched lips and throat.

In the course of the first hour she was once startled by the spectral vision through the driving sheets of dust of a horse that plodded up the arroyo, bearing two riders on its back.

Wary with the weight of its double burden, it went slowly and passed so near to Judith that she was able to recognize the features of her sister and Tom Hicus.

But now she made never a sign to catch their attention.

Within the next succeeding hour the coppery light lost something of its hot brilliance, took on a darker shade, and then one darker still. Twilight stole athwart the desert, turning its heat to chill, its light to violet.

Growing more intense, the cold eventually roused the sleeping man.

And hardly had his eyes unsealed and looked up into the eyes of Judith bending over him than he started up and out of her embrace, not unsteadily upon his feet and after a moment of pause, watching her rise in turn, already away—or, rather, staggered—with the gesture of exorcism.

Uncomplaining, hugging her new-born humility to her with the ecstasy of the anchorite his horse-hair shirt, Judith followed him patiently, at a little distance.

Not far from where he had rested there was a break in the overhanging wall of the arroyo. Through this he scrambled painfully, reaching the level of the desert only after great effort, the unaided woman at his heels.

A brief pause there afforded both time to regain their breath and survey the desert for signs of assistance: it offered none, other than what they might accomplish through their own exertions. For leagues in any quarter it stretched without a break other than the black eld of the arroyo, gleaming a bleached and deathly white in the moonshine—like the face of a frozen world.

With tacit consent both turned that way. Alan leading, Judith his pertinacious shadow, a word or sign between them to prove that either was aware of the other's company.

But this was a state of affairs that could not long endure. Judith had the price to pay for her own trials, suffering and privation: the strain began to tell sorely upon her. She reeled slightly as she walked, weaving a winding trail across and across the straight line of footprints that marked Alan's course through the ordered pattern of the powdered sagebrush.

And of a sudden she collapsed. Instantly alone, Alan glanced overshoulder, for she had made no sound whatever.

He turned and came directly back to her, knelt beside her, lifted her head, patted it gently on his arm and plied her in turn with the dregs of the canteen.

With a sigh, a stifled moan and a little shiver, she revived.

He helped her gently to regain her feet, passed an arm round her.

In this fashion they struggled on in strange, dumb companionship of misery and wonder.

Thus an hour passed; and for all their desperate struggles neither could see that the light on the mountainside was a yard the nearer.

Behind them other lights appeared, two staring yellow eyes that peered up over the horizon, seemed to pause a time in search of the two, then leaped out directly toward them.

Of this they were altogether ignorant; and when a deep, droning sound disturbed the desert silence, like the purring of some gigantic cat, both ascribed it to the drumming of their laboring pulses.

The two lights were not a mile behind them when, silently, without a sign, Alan released her, took a step apart and dropped as if shot.

Instantly she was kneeling by his side. But in the act of bending over him she drew back and remained for several moments motionless, staring at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping down upon them with all the speed attainable by a six-cylinder touring car negotiating a trackless desert.

When Judith did move it was not to comfort Alan. On the contrary, her first act was to draw from her pocket a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver, break it at the breech and blow its barrel clear of dust. Her hand went next to the holster on Alan's hip. From this she extracted his Colt's .45, treating it as she had the other. Then she crouched low above the man she loved, as if thinking perhaps to escape notice from the occupants of the motorcar.

If that were her thought, it was bred of an idle hope. Alan had chosen to fall in the middle of a wide space so arid that not even sagebrush had ventured to take root there. When the glare of the headlights fell upon them it was inevitable that discovery should follow. The motor car stopped within twenty feet. Three men jumped out and ran toward the pair, leaving two in the car—the chauffeur and one who beckoned a corner of the rear seat; an aged man with the face of a grizzled soul, doomed for a little time to live

upon this earth in the certain knowledge of his damnation.

As this happened, Judith Trine leaped to her feet and stood over the body of Alan, a revolver poised in either hand.

"Halt!" she ordered imperatively. "Hands up!"

The three who had alighted obeyed without a moment's hesitation; her father's creatures, they knew the daughter's temper far too well to dream of opposing her will.

In the six hands that were silhouetted against the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glimmered; but at her command all three dropped harmlessly to the earth.

"Then, sharply. 'Stand back two paces,' she required.

They humored her ungrudgingly. Darting forward, she picked up and pocketed the three weapons, then with one of her own singled out the men she named.

"Now, Marrophat—and you, Hicks—pick Mr. Law up and carry him into the car. And treat him gently, mind! If one of you lifts a finger to harm him, that one shall answer to me."

Still none ventured to disobey her. The two men designated, without a sign of dissimulation, stepped forward. One lifted Alan Law by the shoulders; the other took the legs. Between them they bore him with every care toward the motor car.

But now a second will manifested itself. The man in the rear seat lifted up a weirdly sardonic voice:

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop this nonsense! Drop that man! Judith, I command you!"

"The silent!" the girl cut in sharply. "I command here—if it's necessary to tell you."

There was a pause of astonishment. Then the old man broke out in exasperation that threatened to wax into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my face?"

"Apparently," she shot back, with a short laugh. "Judge for yourself!"

"Have you forgotten or vow to me?"

"No. But I take it back and cancel it: that is my privilege, I believe. . . . Silence!" she stormed as he strove to gainsay her. "Silence—do you hear?"—or it will be the worse for you."

As will command the son to still its voice; her father raged like a madman that he was, for the time being, divested of his habitual mask of frigid heartlessness.

And seeing that there was no other way of quieting him, the girl turned to the third man.

"Now Jimmy!" she said crisply. "Into that car—and be quick about it—and gag him!"

"If you do," her father foamed, "I'll have your life!"

A flourish of her weapons gained instant obedience.

She stepped up on the running board and shot a quick, searching glance at the face of the chauffeur.

"Straight ahead, my man!" she said. "Make for the nearest pass through those hills yonder, and don't delay unless you are anxious for trouble. Off you go!"

The car began to move. She swept the three men in the desert a sweeping bow, jumped into the body of the car and slammed the door.

They made no effort to plead their cause and secure passage even as far as the edge of the desert; doubtless they knew too well the futility of that, she thought, as she settled back in a seat, chuckling with the memory of those three masks of dismay unmitigated.

It was not until five minutes later, when she straightened up from making Alan comfortable that she realized what had made them so content to abide by her will.

Then she heard their voices lifted together in a long, shrill howl that was quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistols popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing rumble of gnashing hoofs.

The night glasses in the car afforded her flashes of a body of several horsemen—some six or seven, she judged—making at top speed toward the spot where Marrophat, Hicks and Jimmy waited beside a beacon which they had built and lighted.

Half a dozen sentences exchanged with the chauffeur advised her that those were horsemen from the town of Mesa who had charged themselves with the duty of avenging the death of Hopi Jim Shide.

A sardonic chuckle from within Trine's gag garded the girl into a suit of fury.

Exactness his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her displeasure, she set herself to revive Alan.

With the aid of such stores of food and drink as the car carried, this was quickly enough accomplished.

Struggling with an overdose of brandy too little diluted with water, Alan sat up, grasped the conditions in a flash, and gained further information as he devoured sandwiches and emptied a canteen.

The mountain pass was now, he judged, a mile distant. The light on the hillside, according to the chauffeur, was that of a prospector who had camped there temporarily. There was nothing, then, to be feared from that quarter, but solely from the rear—where the horsemen, having picked up Marrophat and his companions, had instituted hot pursuit, and were now strutting out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the load—perhaps a mile and a half away—one with a single rider the nearest, well within three-quarters of a mile.

Nobly mounted, this last came on like the wind, gaining on the motor car with every stride; for his horse was trained to such going, whereas the car at best could only labor heavily

in dust and sand.

None the less, it had won to a point within a quarter of a mile from the pass before the horseman got within what he esteemed the proper range, and opened fire.

He fired thrice. His first shot winged wide, his second by ill-chance ripped through a rear tire of the car, thus placing upon it an additional handicap, while his third sought the zenith as his hands flew up and he dropped from the saddle, drilled through the body by Alan's only shot.

A long-range pistol duel was in progress before the car had covered half the remaining distance to the pass.

By the time it entered this last, which proved to be a narrow ravine with towering side of crumbly earth and shale and broken rock, the pursuit was not a hundred yards behind, while the firing was well-nigh continuous.

Two hundred feet above the trail two men were working with desperate haste at some mysterious business—though none noticed them.

Only the chauffeur was aware of a woman running down the hillside at an angle, to intercept the car several



"Nothing could be fairer, more exact and comprehensive than that," Tom Barcus commented.

Law nodded a head too weary to respond to the other's humor. His worried eyes reviewed the scene of the breakdown.

"What's to be done?" Mr. Law wondered aloud.

"Take it calm," the affable chauffeur advised. "Frustrin' won't get you all nothin'. If it was me, I'd call it a day, make a fire, get them cushions out of the cabs, and get some rest. You can't do nothin' till I get back, anyway, and that won't be much before sunup."

"Where are you going?" Barcus demanded.

"Walkin', friend; just walkin'—"

"To fetch help—leastways, unless you've got some kick comin' and 'ud rather stop byeh permanent!"

He turned off and busied himself with preparations against his journey.

"It's simply things like this make me believe this isn't, after all, nothing more nor less than a long-drawn-out nightmare," Barcus observed pessimistically.

But Mr. Law was no more attending; he had turned away and was just then, standing by the running-board of the motor car and civilly explaining to Miss Judith Trine the purpose of the chauffeur's expedition.

Discovery of this circumstance worked a deep wrinkle between the brows as well as into the humor of Mr. Barcus.

Here, he promised himself, was a situation to titillate the Comic Muse itself. He pointed out in turn the several component parts: the motor car derelict in the hollow of those awful and silent hills—for all the world like a mouse petrified with fright at finding itself in the midst of a herd of elephants; in the car, that aged monomaniac, Mr. Seneca Trine, author of all their woes and misadventures, gnashing his teeth in impatient rage to find himself in close juxtaposition to and helpless to injure the man for whose life he lusts with an insatiable passion; the latter standing outside the car, in polite conversation with Mr. Trine's mutinous Judith—talking to her in the friendliest fashion imaginable, precisely as if she had not fallen little short of compassing his death; Judith herself poised on the running-board and smiling down at her victim with a warmth patently even more than the warmth of friendship; and at some little distance, Rose, Mr. Law's fiancée and Judith's sister, eating her heart out with jealousy of this new-spunged intimacy between her sister and her lover!

"Bad business, my friend!" Barcus mentally apostrophized the unwitting Alan Law.

He interrupted himself to nod knowingly and with profound conviction: "I know it. Now it begins again."

For Rose had abruptly taken a

[illegible]

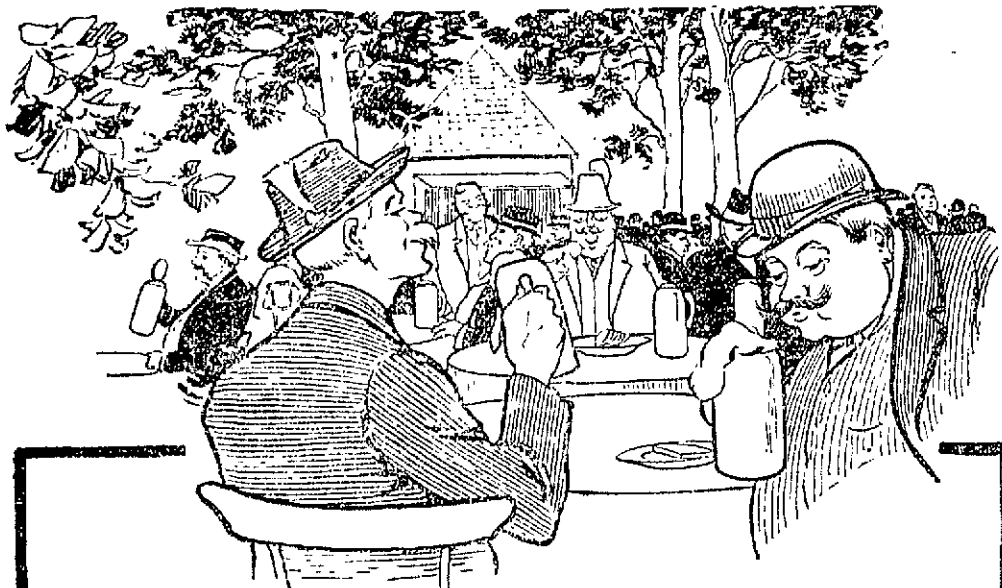
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